

Today's Live News of the Sunshine State

INDIGNATION AT STATE DENTISTS TO CONVEY IN TUCUMCARI

Ugly Hints by Spanish Paper at Manner of Late New Mexico Statesman's Death Arouses Friends.

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald.) Santa Fe, N. M., July 4.—Deep indignation is being expressed here among friends of the late Solomon Luna and of the Luna family at the publication in *La Opinion Publica*, a Spanish newspaper published at Albuquerque by Eliezer Luna, brother of the late Luna, of an article which contains ugly hints at the manner in which Mr. Luna met his tragic death and hints that he might have met with foul play. Translations of the matter have been circulated here quite generally, as well as the paper, and the inference the paper makes are to the effect that a member of the Luna family was responsible for the late New Mexico leader's death.

Not only this ugly inference, but the effort to draw Mr. Luna's name into a political fight has aroused anger among people of all parties. Members of the Luna family, it is learned, are being urged to take action against Luna.

ED M. OTERO WILLS NOT DISCUSS MATTER

Ed M. Otero, nephew of the late Solomon Luna, one of his heirs and successor to the control of the great Luna sheep interests in Valencia and Socorro counties, is in the city today. Mr. Otero refused to comment for publication on the publications in *La Opinion Publica*, referred to in Herald dispatches from Santa Fe.

CONVICTS TO SEE MOTION PICTURES IN PRISON TODAY

Santa Fe, N. M., July 4.—Warden John H. McManus has installed a first class motion picture projector in the state penitentiary and the convicts today will see their first picture show within the walls, the films being furnished by a local motion picture house.

Progressives Call Meeting.

The Santa Fe county Progressive committee has been called to meet here on July 15. The call is issued by E. C. Burke as chairman.

Seek Lower Coal Rate.

Lower freight rates on coal throughout the state of New Mexico, comparing favorably with rates in other states in the Rocky mountain region, are contemplated by the state corporation commission which is serving notice on all railroads in New Mexico concerning the proposed adjustment. The rates are to apply to and from points in the state and the railroads have been served with a notice to establish a certain schedule of rates on or before July 15.

The HERALD Want Ads get the best results.

Want a maid? A Herald want ad will find her for you.

Don't Wait for Experience to Teach You to Save

Sometimes we hear people say: "If I had only saved by money I would now have thousands of dollars," or "My illness and loss of position will require years of hard work to pay back what I had to borrow."

Time will not find you wishing that you had saved if you start today. Open an account with this bank today. It means that your savings will be safe all the time and immediately available when you need money.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

The American Savings Bank and Trust Co.

W. H. HANN CO.

For the Best in Fast of All Kinds. PHONE 81.

LUMBER CEMENT BUILDING MATERIAL

J. C. BALDRIDGE LBR. CO. 423 S. 1st St. Phone 402

INDIGNATION AT STATE DENTISTS TO CONVEY IN TUCUMCARI

Forty or Fifty Expected to Attend Meeting July 10 to 12. Seek Patients for Demonstration Work.

Tucumcari, N. M., July 4.—The seventh annual meeting of the New Mexico State Dental society will be held in Tucumcari next week, July 10, 11 and 12. The state board of examiners will have their meeting on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and are advertising for patients to try the new candidates for licenses. The meetings will be held at the Elks home and it is expected that there will be about 40 or 50 dentists in attendance during the week.

Dr. C. Mac Shaffill is president of the state society and chairman of the arrangements and clinics committees. The board of examiners is composed of the leading dentists of the state: J. G. Welch, Dawson; J. J. Clark, Artesia; C. M. Star, Tucumcari; M. J. Moran, secretary, Dominga; P. R. Lord, president, East Las Vegas.

BACA TRIES COURT ACTION TO GET AT FOES

Seeks Aid of District Attorney in Effort to Get Actions Against Men Opposed to Him.

(Special Dispatch to The Herald.) Hillsboro, N. M., July 4.—Eliezer Baca is taking no stone unturned in his fight on Bull Andrews and his supporters. Now he is after Frank Hubbell, District Attorney Tittman today received a telegram from Mr. Baca to the effect that the county commissioners of Socorro county had reduced the taxes of Frank Hubbell \$19,000 and those of Ed Otero a similar amount. The assessor of Socorro county, according to the telegram, had not taken an appeal and Eliezer Baca suggested to Mr. Tittman that he take an appeal himself. Mr. Tittman at once wired to his assistant, Milton J. Helmick in Socorro to investigate the matter and if the facts warranted to take an appeal. Mr. Helmick replied to the effect that he had entered an appeal from the decision of the board.

Contestants causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Kidney Pills. 25c a box at all stores.

The HERALD Want Ads get the best results.

Want a maid? A Herald want ad will find her for you.

MORE HEAVY RAINS IN HILLSBORO COUNTRY

Big Section of Railroad Washed Out. Kingston Celebrates Revival of Mining With Big Independence Day.

Hillsboro, N. M., July 4.—There have been further heavy rains all over Hillsboro country. In Lake Valley Wednesday afternoon five inches of rain fell, washing out three sections of the railroad track towards Cheyenne and washing away with the Hillsboro post road. Today heavy rains fell over the entire section of the country from the Palomas creek south. Two small floods came down the Pecos without doing any damage.

Hillsboro is gradually assuming a normal appearance. The holdings of the late Thomas Murphy are being repaired by his widow. The streets have been cleared of rubbish, the rains have been carried off, and there is more building activity than there has been for several years.

Kingston is celebrating its revival as a mining camp by a great Fourth of July celebration today. The force of men now at work in the camp is steadily growing and prospectors and miners are looking for properties are coming in every day. The overlook miners are taking out over a hundred dollars a day in high grade ore and their pay is steadily increasing. They expect to ship a thirty-ton car in about a week and it will run better than \$200 a ton.

BACA LOCATION NO. 3 IN ARIZONA IS CONFIRMED

Third of Five Great 100,000 Acre Grants Formally Awarded to Claimants by United States Supreme Court

After litigation covering many years the third of five great 100,000 acre land grants known as the Baca grants in Santa Cruz county, Arizona, has been confirmed to the assigees of the original claimants and against settlers on the grant by decision of the United States supreme court.

The other Baca grant, two in New Mexico, one in Colorado and the other in Yavapai county, Arizona, already have been confirmed. Louis Maria C. de Baca was claimant to the huge Las Vegas grant. This grant had been settled and in lieu of it he was given the right to select five tracts of non-mineral land of 100,000 acres each. With great shrewdness Baca chose his property chiefly in heavily timbered districts and gathered in five of the most valuable properties in the southwest. They have now all passed out of the hands of his heirs and are chiefly in corporate ownership. The two New Mexico grants are located, one in the Jemez mountains, the Baca No. 1, and one of the finest timber and grazing properties in the world, the other in Guadalupe county, a splendid grazing property.

CELEBRATION AT GALLUP STOPPED BY FLOOD

(Special Dispatch to Evening Herald.) Gallup, N. M., July 4.—Torrential rains which have flooded the streets caused the Fourth of July celebration committee to give up its great celebration for today, and for which all arrangements had been made. There was to have been a big program of sports today with fireworks tonight and an address tomorrow morning by Hon. R. S. Hodes of Albuquerque. The whole program has been cancelled. The storm has done some minor damage.

Judge Rodey Gets Word.

Judge Bernard E. Rodey, who was to have gone to Gallup to speak at the proposed celebration there tomorrow, received word this morning that the town was flooded, and that the celebration had been called off.

SOCORRO TO HAVE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Socorro, N. M., July 4.—Contracts have been let to D. H. Cameron for the erection of the new Socorro county high school building and work is to begin at once and rushed so that the building will be ready for the opening of the fall term in the public schools. Prof. George Lougee, recently of Santa Fe, will be superintendent of the high school work.

A 30-cent Herald Want Ad will get what you want.

TO CUT HIGH JINKS AT THE GASOLINE GYMKHANA

Santa Fe Motorists Preparing to Pull Off Stunts for Visitors When Road Delegates Gather

Santa Fe, N. M., July 4.—C. C. Catron, one of the superintendents of the gasoline gymkhana which will be a feature of the road meetings to be held here July 30 to August 1, stated today that within a few days entry blanks would be ready for distribution so that all who wished to enter in the events of July 31 might do so. The entries will remain open until the day before the events take place.

An information sheet for entrants is being prepared and this will be mailed to all who wish to enter or to find out the specific conditions of each event. Motorcyclists are expected to come from several out of town points to participate in the single and twin-cylinder races, for which handsome cups have been offered by the De Varas and Montezuma hotels.

The superintendents, Mr. Catron and A. H. Clancy, are taking steps to insure that the federal building oval, where the gymkhana will take place, will be in first-class shape for the races. The local authorities are being called upon to drag this roadway until it will be in fine condition for the races and the motorcyclists will be permitted to practice on the oval at speed on several occasions before the races, so that each may become well acquainted with the track.

Another Railroad Grants Rate.

The Denver & Rio Grande has granted a rate of one and one-fifth cents per mile for the fourth division, which includes all its New Mexico stations and several in Colorado.

In connection with the Santa Fe's rate of one and a third cents this assures that northern New Mexico delegates may have cheap transportation to and from the meeting.

Delegates Invited to Lunch.

J. E. Miller, of the Valley Ranch, through which place the motorcade or delegates from the north will pass on its way to Santa Fe, has invited all those who participate in this event to a picnic lunch. Mr. Miller has also undertaken the organization of a good roads local at Valley Ranch and a meeting will be held within a day or two at which this will be completed. The state association will send a speaker to aid Mr. Miller in the organization work.

TWO BIG FIRES IN A SINGLE NIGHT AT CARLSBAD

Carlsbad, N. M., July 3.—Fire destroyed the barn, garage and the servant house at the Rome Hotel residence Tuesday night. People had fairly got to sleep after a fire in the Robert Hunsick residence earlier in the night, when fire was seen in the Rome Hotel. The fire had raged only a few and resort was made to shotguns to raise people. When the firemen reached the place about 3 a. m. the flames had gained such headway that all attention was given to saving adjoining buildings and the boys worked hard and successfully. In the garage was a Buick to which was destroyed with the rest. The loss is about \$4,000.

Mr. Armand Mandell of Clovis is in Albuquerque and Bernalillo.

Some Real Bargains in Dining Room Furniture

Just one look at our attractive Dining Room Furniture, and the LOW PRICES will convince you of the values we are offering.

SOME SPECIALS FOR THE COMING WEEK

Complete Dining Room Set regularly \$100.00, our special price only \$50.00

8-piece, Fumed Oak Dining Room Set, regular price \$175, special for one week only \$100

See Window Display

J. M. Sollie
223 S. 2nd St. Phone 422

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.) (Continued from Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XXI.

On the morning after they had hatched at the comic paper and decided that all the world was fair, Hooker and Amigo were squinting by the fire and eating a man's size breakfast.

The creek, swollen by yesterday's torrential rain, had settled to a river's level. The wind had not risen and the sun was just over the hill when, with a rush and a scramble, Amigo threw down his cup and was off in a flash for the rocks.

A moment later two men rode down the canyon, and then two more, and two more. It was a column of men, all armed with rifles, and they cast envious eyes at Copper Bottom as they halted before the camp. As for Bud, he saluted gravely, for he knew them for what they were.

These were the lost forces of Bernardo Bravo and Salazar, Rojas and the other bandit chiefs, and they marched, as he well knew, upon Fortuna. They marched quietly, and the great whistle had not blown.

It would make a rich prize, Fortuna. If they could take it by surprise! The ransom for the Spanish haciendas alone would amount to thousands of dollars, and the mine-owners could afford to pay anything in order to save their works.

A box of dynamite under the giant concentrator and the money would be produced at once, and yet the accountants halted at a one-man camp to steal a single horse.

A flicker of scorn passed over Hooker's face as the leader came dashing up, but the Texan greeted him with a slow smile.

"Buenos dias, general!" he said; "you have many men."

"Enough!" observed the "general" hurriedly, "but some in the rear are on foot. As I suppose you are in sympathy with our great cause, I will ask you for that horse. Of course, I will give you a receipt."

He fetched out a blank-book as he spoke and motioned to a ragged beggar at his heels. Bud checked the man's rush with a look.

"One moment!" he said, and as the soldier turned back his general glanced up sharply.

"Only this, Senor General," answered Bud. "You are welcome to anything I have—food, blankets, money—but I cannot give you that horse."

"But, senor!" protested the general, regarding him with arrogant pig eyes that glinted wickedly. "This poor soldier's feet are sore. Surely you would not make him walk. Only name your price and I will give you a receipt for him, but my man must have the horse."

There was a pause and men began to dismount and move in closer. At a word from their commander any one of them would draw and kill him, as Hooker very well knew, but his love for Copper Bottom made him obdurate.

"If the man is lame," he said, "I will give him another horse—but he cannot have this sorrel."

He stepped quickly over to the corral and turned with his back to the gate, while the commander spat out orders in Spanish and armed men came running.

ed the American changed suddenly to a look of pompous pride. He jerked an imperious head at his ragged retainer and drew forth his receipt-book with a flourish.

While he waited for the horse to appear he turned upon his snoopers men and drove them to their mounts with curses. Evidently it was no pleasure to command in the army of the liberation, and the veiled mutterings of his followers showed that they were little better than tigers in leash.

Mounted upon horses, mules, and even burros; armed with every conceivable weapon from a musket to standard repeating rifles, they were a tattered, ragged army, more fit for "treason, stratagems and spoils" than the sterner duties of war.

Bud looked them over closely, well satisfied to have his back against a wall, and when the low-browed retainer came hurrying back with the horse he quickly took the worthless receipt and watched them on their way. Then, as the last camp-follower disappeared, he ran for his saddle and rode and within a minute he was mounted and away.

There were rebels below him—very likely there were more to come—the only safe place for Copper Bottom was over the hills at Fortuna. With out stopping for path or trail, he headed straight northwest over the ridges, riding as the cowboys do when they make the range for cattle. Hardly had he topped the first high crest when he came in sight of Amigo, loaded down with his cartridge-belts and carrying his heavy Mauser.

In a long, shambling trot the Yaqui was drifting along the hillside with the free grace of a wild creature, and when Hooker pulled down his horse to keep pace with him he laughed and motioned him on. Taking the lead, he loped on over hogback and barranca, picking out the best trail by instinct and setting such a pace that Bud was hard pressed to keep up with him.

He had heard it said that in the Yaqui country no white man, no matter how well he was mounted, could outdistance the Indians on foot, and now he knew it was true. But why this killing haste on the part of Amigo? He had neither friends nor kin in town; why, then, should he run so fast to warn them of the enemy?

They raked on, up one hill and down another, while the insurgents followed the canyon that swung to the south, and finally, in a last scramble, they mounted a rocky ridge and looked down upon old Fortuna.

Already the hard-driven ponies were out in the fields at work and smoke was rising from the manual still. Aragon was busy, but his labors would be worse than wasted if the red-flags took him prisoner. As Bud breathed his horse he hesitated whether to ride back and warn him or press on and notify Fortuna; but even for that brief spell the Yaqui could not wait.

"Adios," he said, coming close and holding out his black hand; "I go this way!" And he pointed along the ridge. "But why?" said Bud, still at a loss to account for his haste. Then, seeing the reticence in the Indian's eyes, he thrust out his hand in return.

"Adios, Amigo mio!" he replied, and with a quick grip the Yaqui was gone. With that same deceptive speed he clambered through the bushes, still lugging the heavy rifle and making for higher ground. Bud knew he had some purpose—he even had a sneaking idea that it was to take potshots at Captain del Rey—but six months in Mexico had made him careless, and he half hoped the Yaqui would win.

The captain had it coming to him for his brutality, but with Aragon it was different—Aragon had a wife and



Speed Was What Was Needed.

daughter—and, with the memory of Gracia in his mind, Bud sent his horse plunging down the ridge to warn them before it was too late.

There were some brush fences to be jumped, but Copper Bottom took them flying, and as they cut into the river trail he made the mud-puddles splash. Across the fields to the south Bud could see the ponies running for cover—the insurgents must be in sight beyond the hills.

He was going south, they were moving west, but it was five miles north again to the town. Speed was what was needed and Copper Bottom gave his best. They dashed into Fortuna like a whirlwind, and Hooker raised his voice in a high yell.

"Insurrectos!" he shouted. "Ladrones! P-onio a Fortuna!"

There was a rush, a moment's silence, and then heads appeared from every window and women ran screaming with the news. Aragon came rushing from the store and confronted him angrily; then, reading conviction in his tone, he called for horses and ran

frantically into the house.

A shrill scream came from the hillside, where a serving-woman had scampered to view the valley, and, as she pointed her finger and screamed, mothers laid hold of their little ones and started up the valley on foot.

Still the men ran at the horsemen and Aragon adjured his women folk in the house. Burning with impatience, Bud spurred his way to the corral where they were fumbling with ropes and rigging and dropped a rope on the first horse he saw. Then he snatched a side-saddle from a trembling peon and stepped up to the brute's back. Grabbing up the bridle, he led the horse back to the house and bridled it while he shouted for haste.

Still the women tarried, and the sound of galloping came from the north. Then, as all seemed lost, the Mexicans came bumping out from the stable with the family coach. Aragon and his wife leaped in, and Gracia, mostly attired in a riding-skirt, came tripping down the steps.

Even in such times as these she seemed to realize her first duty to herself, and Hooker had to gasp for a moment before he helped her up. She offered her foot and vaulted lightly into the saddle; the coach went pounding on ahead; and as the servants scattered before her she galloped off at the side of Bud.

Behind them the rumble of distant hoofs rose up like the roaring of waters, and the shrieks of fleeing women echoed from the roadside, but once safely in the canyon their lead was never lessened and, with coach-horns galloping and postillions lashing from both sides, the whole cavalcade swept into the plain while the town of Fortuna went mad.

Already the great whistle was blowing hoarsely, its deep reverberations making a air tremble as if with fear. Americans were running back and forth, distributing arms and rushing their women to cover; Don Juan, his chin quivering with excitement, was imploring all comers to be calm; and the Aragon, coming flying up to the door, added the last touch to the panic.

They with their eyes had seen the rebels; they were riding in from the south! Other men, equally excited, swore they were coming from the north, and a disorderly body of Sonora miners, armed as if by magic with guns which had long lain hidden, barked themselves about the store and office and clamored for more and more cartridges. Then a rip of gun-fire echoed from across the canyon, and the miners made a rush to the attack.

The whistle, which had obscured all



Women and Children Took Shelter There.

sound as a cloud obscures the light, stopped suddenly in its roar, and the crowd at the hotel became calm. The superintendent, a wiry, gray-haired little man, with decision in every movement, came running from his fort-like house on the hill and ordered all the women to take shelter there and take their children with them.

So, while the rifles rattled and stray bullets began to knock mud from the walls, they went straggling up the hill, rich and poor, pettiolar and peon, while the air was rent by the wails of the half-Indian Mexican women, who held themselves as good as captured by the revolution, concerning whose scruples they entertained no illusions.

The women of the aristocracy bore themselves with more reserve, as befitting their birth and station, and the Americans who gathered about them with their protecting rifles pretended that all would be well; but in the minds of every one was that same terror which found expression in the peon wail and, while scattered rebels and newly armed miners exchanged volleys on both sides of the town, the non-combatant Americans sought out every woman and rushed her up to the big house. There, if worst came to worst, they could make a last stand, or save them by a ransom.

So, from the old woman who kept the candy stand in the piazza to the wives of the miners and the cherished womenfolk of the landowners, they were all crowded inside the broad halls of the big house; and seventy odd Americans, armed with company rifles, paced nervously along the broad verandas or punched loopholes in the adobe walls that inclosed the summer garden behind.

(Continued Monday Afternoon.)

County Superintendent of Schools Atanacio Montoya and City Superintendent John Milne left this week for Milwaukee to attend the National Education convention. After the convention, Professor Milne will visit in Kirov and Hering, Wis.